

Not So Tough After All

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/41128656) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/41128656>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Hannibal (TV) , Charlie Countryman (2013)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter , Will Graham/Nigel (Charlie Countryman) , Hannibal Lecter/Nigel (Charlie Countryman) , Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter/Nigel (Charlie Countryman)
Characters:	Will Graham , Hannibal Lecter , Nigel (Charlie Countryman)
Additional Tags:	Dom/sub , Dom Will Graham , Sub Hannibal Lecter , Sub Nigel , Bottom Nigel (Charlie Countryman) , Threesome - M/M/M , Sibling Incest , Anal Sex , Anal Fingering , Blow Jobs , Spitroasting , Good Boy! Nigel
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of MurderDogs Adventures
Stats:	Published: 2022-08-19 Words: 2,503 Chapters: 1/1

Not So Tough After All

by [Bad_Wolf_Rising](#)

Summary

The first hit to his now bare backside was hard, solid. Nigel cried out at the sudden sting. Will let the sting set in. Nigel tried to wriggle free but Will was just too damn strong. He looked over to his brother to see if he had any advice, but the man was so lost in subspace, staying put on the other side of the table as he was told to do. Will lay a series of hard hits, each one stinging more than the last.

Nigel learns that Will means what he says, and maybe a little more about himself.

Notes

The was originally supposed to be just DogsDogs. Idk what happened 🙄

“What the fuck are you—get your hands off—stop!”

“We’ve had this conversation plenty of times, Nigel, you watch how you talk to me, and quit showing up uninvited!”

What the fuck? Why was this tiny man so fucking *strong*? Will had manhandled Nigel over his lap, and in one strong hand held both of his wrists tight and pinned to his back. The other was working open his jeans and yanked them down in one fluent motion along with his boxers.

“Hey! Fucking let go of me! I’m not one of your little—“

The first hit to his now bare backside was hard, solid. Nigel cried out at the sudden sting. Will let the sting set in. Nigel tried to wriggle free but Will was just *too damn strong*. He looked over to his brother to see if he had any advice, but the man was so lost in subspace, staying put on the other side of the table as he was told to do. Will lay a series of hard hits, each one stinging more than the last.

“I will not tell you again after today, Nigel. When I tell you not to speak to me so rudely, you don’t speak to me rudely. Simple as that, you cocky little brat.”

Nigel was sobbing now. He counted them in his head—he was on ten, eleven now? And they just kept coming.

“I’m sorry! I’m sorry!” he shouted. “Please stop!”

“No, you’re only sorry because you’re being punished.”

He was at twenty now. Tears were falling, dripping towards his hairline. Again, he tried to break free, but Will had only tightened his grip. Twenty-five. The heavy hand that gave him a thorough spanking now kneaded and massaged his sore ass. It hurt. It felt good. Nigel was feeling a slew of emotions. The words came before he could hold them back and retaliate with harsh words.

“I’m sorry, Sir.”

Nigel heard Will’s soft sigh—a pleased one. “Good boy. What are you sorry for?”

“For showing uninvited and for being so rude...”

Nigel was expecting to be let up, but a leg shifting Will’s knee was pressed against his cock.

Which was rock hard against his will. Will clicked his tongue. “Look at you. You’re getting my pants all wet.”

Nigel flushed a dark shade of red. Just like his older brother, he had an overactive Cowper’s gland. He could feel the wet patch on Will’s jeans growing larger and larger as he was practically leaking like a faucet. He whined when he was stripped the rest of the way down.

A hand stroked over his back, down to the cleft of his ass. He stiffened in his place bent over Will's lap. He's not thinking what he thinks he's doing. Right? Nigel heard the pop of a cap, felt cold liquid squeezed above his asscrack. Fuck, he is! He tried to right himself instantly.

"Sh, Nigel, you're okay. Listen to me carefully. Green means you're okay to continue, yellow means you need a minute, you call red and I will stop." Will's fingers slid spread lube over his hole as he coated his fingers as well. "Do not hesitate to call yellow, and especially red. My goal is not to cause any emotional or physical pain. Do you understand, Nigel?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Color?"

Nigel thought about it, thought about his cock throbbing against Will's leg. Was this something he was willing to do? Will was his brother's person after all. He may not respect much when it comes to people and their people, but this was Hannibal. His brother. But Will was in charge, Nigel knew he wouldn't do anything that would cause any distress.

"Green," he found himself saying before he could put in anymore thought. "Green. Please, sir."

The first finger slid in with little effort. He sighed softly and let his head hang. It's a foreign feeling, but it doesn't feel terrible. Will was being gentle, a drastic contrast to the spanking he'd just received.

"Good boy," Will praised. A heavy hand rested on his lower back, keeping him in place as a second finger joined the first. Nigel grunted, squirmed in Will's lap. Will spread his legs to adjust for his wriggling. "Hold still, Nigel."

It was hard, especially when Will changed the angle and started to mercilessly hit his prostate. Nigel cried out, trying his best to push back against his fingers.

"Fuck, Sir, right there!" he moaned.

Will's free hand came down against his ass, reminding him he was to stay still as he was fingered open. He could feel the knot tighten in his stomach, could feel the pressure build from his prostate being stimulated. He was so close to peaking when Will stopped. The whine that left him made Will chuckle.

"Oh you thought you're gonna come that quick, Nigel? No. You're gonna come down your brother's throat and my cock in your ass like the good boy I know you can be," Will stated, matter of fact. "But when I'm ready for you to."

Nigel groaned as he's hauled up to his feet. Will's belt clinks together as it was undone, followed by the sound of the zipper being pulled down. The cap on the lube popped open, clicked shut.

"Come on. Sit on Sir's cock like a good boy."

Nigel braced himself on Will's knees, hovering above his lap as he reached back to grab Will's cock, slicked with lube.

Jesus fucking Christ, he's big! Nigel thought to himself. He's thinking Will didn't prep him enough, then again, maybe that was the point. He hesitated, but Will was persistent, grabbing and squeezing his hip as he pulled him down while Nigel guided him to his hole. The head pressed in, and Will let go as he slowly lowered himself down until he was seated fully in his lap,

It *hurt*, but not in a bad way. Will placed Nigel's legs so when Will spread his legs, so did Nigel.

"Come here, baby girl. Sir's got a job for you."

Nigel watched as Hannibal seemingly snapped to attention, focused on his handler. Nigel watched as Hannibal licked his lips. The little shit *was* paying attention.

"Your goal is to make your brother come. His goal is not to come. Understand your job?"

"Yes, sir," Hannibal said, looking up at Nigel with a smirk.

Nigel's seen the obscene way he sucks Will, the way he doesn't gag when it's fully down his throat. Hannibal settled between spread legs, waiting rather impatiently. Nigel has never seen him look more like a slut than he did now, with lips part, eyes dark, hair a mess probably from where Will had been gripping before he made his unexpected visit. Will must have made some visual sign for Hannibal, because next thing Nigel knew, his cock was being swallowed all the way down.

Nigel groaned, reaching forward to tangle his fingers into soft air. "Christ!"

Will chuckled behind him, hands gripping his hips as Hannibal began to bob his head. Nigel's used to getting his cock sucked, but Christ this felt different. A little wrong, but Hannibal knew how to put his smart mouth to good use. He teased and tormented the the head, smearing precome across his plush lips. He chased each and every drop, and then swallowed him back down, purposely making himself gag.

Nigel's hips jerked up on their own accord. He let his head fall back against Will's shoulder when the movement caused the head of Will's cock to brush his already overstimulated prostate. Moans filled the room, covering the wet sounds of Hannibal's messy sucking. Nigel tensed in Will's lap, the feeling of his impending orgasm quickly building.

He whimpered as a hand wrapped around his throat, squeezing tight. He felt light headed, felt good.

"Don't you dare come, baby boy. Not yet."

Will loosened his grip only slightly, his hand a heavy reminder of who was in charge. Hannibal was pressing his tongue against the head of his cock, right below his slit. Nigel's toes curled as white hot pleasure burned on his core. He was trying so hard to hold back, but

his brother was better at playing his part of the game. Nigel felt wound tight, like an elastic string around a spool, looped around until it was near its breaking point. Nigel let out a sob. He was going to break, he couldn't—

“Off.”

And then Hannibal was sitting pretty in front of him, spit and precum dripping down his chin. Nigel panted as he was allowed time to unwind, slump into Will's lap as he backed away from the edge of his orgasm. His head was tilted back, and he could just see Will's eyes, pupil dilated so wide he could barely see the shining blue irises.

There's a rush of pleasure from obeying, for holding back as long as he could with the way Hannibal was blowing him. It felt *really* good, so good that he wanted to prove he could be a really good boy for Will. He's praised, thumbs stroking his cheek. He felt himself dipping into...something. He's not quite sure what it is, but he wanted to be fully emerged in it.

Nigel barely noticed Will's hand leave his throat to gesture to Hannibal, because just as quick as it left, it was right back. Hannibal was sinking back down on his cock, repeating his same torturous process. It dragged on and on and on until Nigel was so strung out, so desperate.

“Please,” Nigel whimpered as he pressed his face into Will's neck. “Sir, please can I come?”

Will manhandled him again, shifting him just so he could hook his arms behind his knees, bringing them up towards his chest. “Not yet, pretty boy. I'll tell you when. Don't worry.”

Another shift and Will was starting to fuck up into him. Nigel cried out, arms instantly reaching back to wrap around Will's neck. He blinked rapidly, fingers flexing at the nap of Will's neck, tugging weakly at his hair. Will pressed kisses to his neck.

“Good boy, doing so good for me. So fucking good, baby boy.”

Nigel felt so fucking full, and he felt so fucking good, better than he'd ever felt before. Wave after wave of pleasure coursed through his veins, curling his toes, grip tightening in Will's hair, body tensing, drawn tight like a bow ready to launch its arrow. Nigel begged for his release, promised he'll behave, promised he'll call next time, *anything*. He was about to peak when Will dropped his legs, held him still so he couldn't ride him. Nigel sobbed. He'd never been so wound up, so close and yet so far from his orgasm. Tears of frustration pooled in his eyes, but he did not dare lash out. He'd learned the hard way that Will has a heavy hand and is not afraid to use it. His eyes drifted down to Hannibal, settled back between his legs, sucked him mercilessly.

Nigel can't handle it anymore. He's ready to tap. His cock aches more than he's used to him, the pleasure he's feeling burns too hot, and it's getting too hard to hold back. He doesn't want to disappoint Will, but he's getting close to doing so. Will must have been able to sense it, how he was feeling. He gripped his throat tight.

“You did so good, Nigel. You're so wound up, holding back for me. You can come.”

Hannibal pressed and rubbed right underneath the slit. Nigel's mouth dropped as he was finally able to come. His entire body tensed. Nigel felt a scream build in his throat, but nothing came out. Hannibal pressed himself as far down in his cock as he could, throat flexing as he swallowed every drop of his seed. Nigel's legs shook as Hannibal sucked him past over sensitivity. Will ordered Hannibal off. Nigel slumped in Will's lap.

Nigel felt boneless, pliant as Will gathered him in his arms, turned him around so he was chest to chest with him. He nuzzled into his handler's— *Will's* —neck. He felt himself lifted, Will's cock guided back into his hole. One arm wrapped around his middle, and a hand cradled the back of his head as Will fucked back into his pliant body, chasing his own orgasm. Soft whines and whimpers were pulled out on the occasional thrust to his prostate. Will's grip tightened on him.

"Come in me," Nigel groaned. "Sir, come in me, fill me.."

Will turned his head, nuzzling right against Nigel's tattoo. Nigel tilted his head, Will sinking his teeth into his neck with a deep groan. One, two, three more thrusts and Nigel felt the warmth of Will's seed flood him inside. Nigel rolled his hips, helping to milk him dry.

"Good boy, Nigel," Will panted. "Now you're gonna help your brother. Present to him, baby boy. You're gonna get him off with that tight hole of yours."

Nigel let Will maneuver him around so he was on the floor. Just like he was told, he presented himself to his older brother.

"Go on, baby girl. Get yourself off."

Nigel spread his legs further, back arching beautifully. Will added more lube to Nigel's already wet hole. He adjusted when Hannibal mounted him, moaning as he was filled again. Will kneeled in front of him—Nigel could just make out the shape of his knees. His head was pulled up, Will's cockhead pressed against his lips. He had just enough of his mind to open his mouth before Will thrust in shallow. Nigel couldn't take cock down his throat like his brother (yet, anyways), and Will was mindful of that.

Nigel pushed back into each one of Hannibal's thrust while messily sucking Will's spent cock. He's done the spit roasting before, but never had he been the one being roasted. A series of groans, moans, and grunts left the three of them. Nigel looked up at Will with hazy eyes. Will grinned down at him.

"Such a good boy. You've got a long night ahead of you, kitten."

"How long do you think he's going to sleep, Sir?"

"With the amount of times he came? Probably several hours."

Will had taken the time to care for both Nigel and Hannibal after their play, though Nigel experienced the brunt of it. Nigel was passed out on the couch after Will got him showered,

partially fed and watered before he fell asleep.

“Maybe we should invite him back,” Hannibal suggested as he stretched out on top of his brother.

Will draped a blanket over the two of them. “We’ll have a talk about it later. Now, you hush and take a nap.”

Hannibal huffed by settled down. He nuzzled into Nigel’s neck. Will took his seat in his favorite chair.

“Not so tough are you after a thorough spanking,” Will said with a chuckle as picked up his book to read while his boys napped.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!